MARVEL

014

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STAR WARS™

DOCTOR APHRA

REMASTERED

Part I

It is a time of instability in the galaxy as rebel forces fight the Galactic Empire. But on the fringes of the galaxy, the criminal underworld continues unabated in its pursuit of profits.

Rogue archaeologist and scoundrel Doctor Chelli Aphra has recently parted ways with the malevolently inclined droids Triple-Zero and BeeTee-One, resulting in her barely escaping the wrath of the Sith Lord Darth Vader after yet another scheme went awry.

Meanwhile, Imperial officer Magna Tolvan is dealing with the ramifications of her previous encounter with the infamous archaeologist. And it seems fate is tempted to repeat itself....

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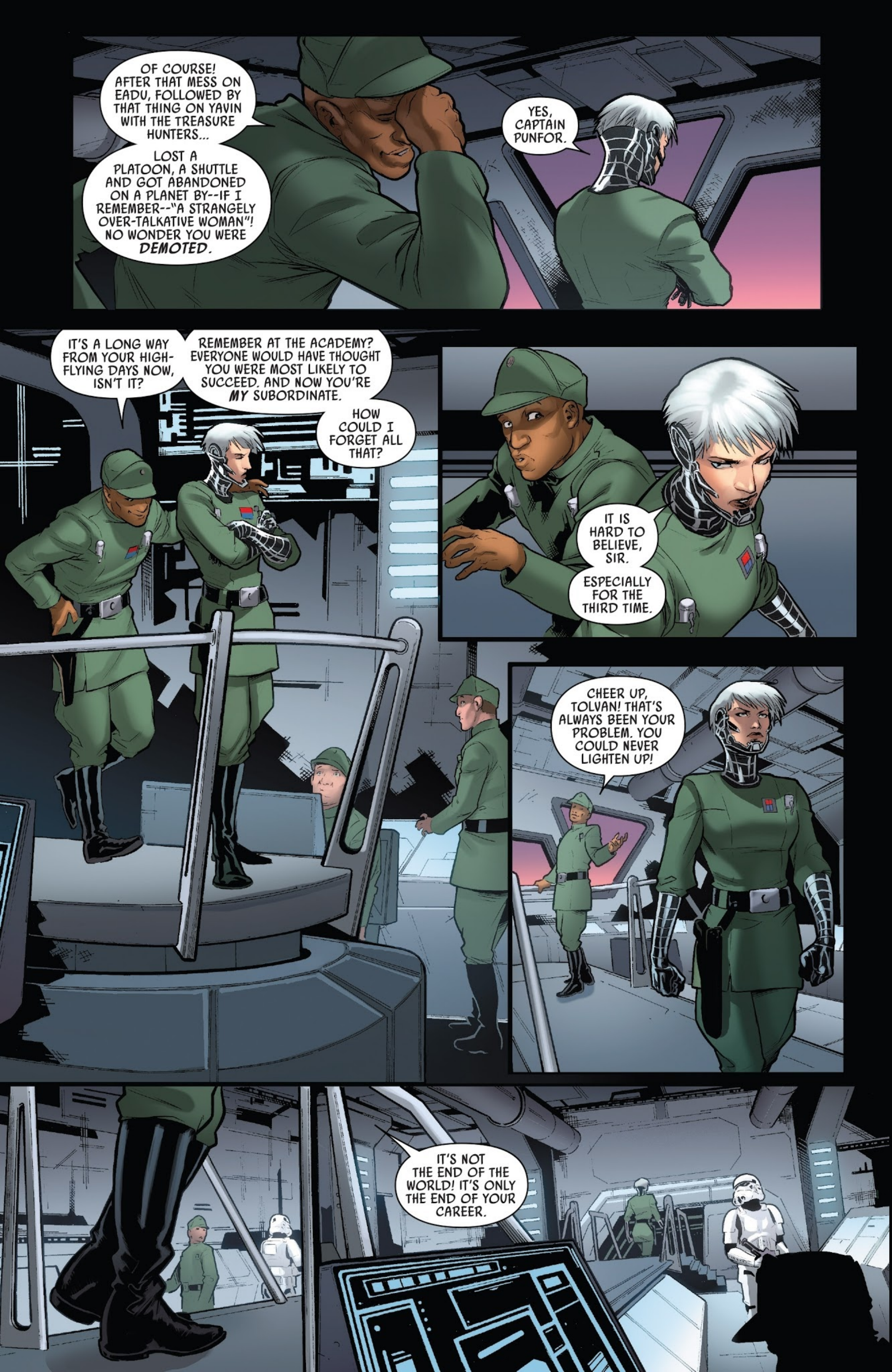
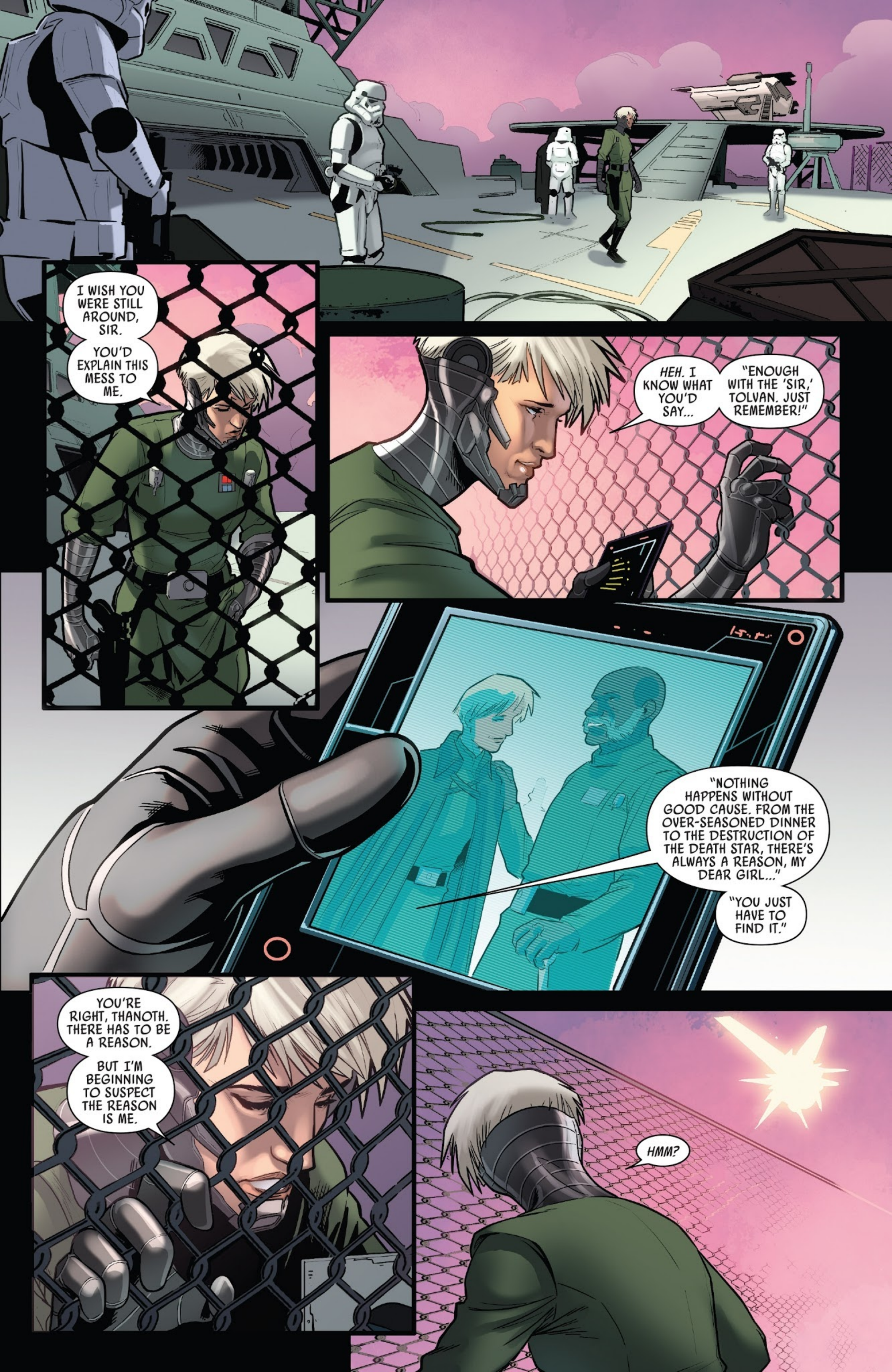
Someilk,
The Outer Rim.
CAPTAIN TOLVAN, YOU'RE RELIEVED.
YOU CAN GO TO SLEEP.
DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG, CAPTAIN?
I BELIEVE YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE, SIR.
YOU ARE CAPTAIN. I AM MERELY LIEUTENANT.


OF COURSE! AFTER THAT MESS ON EADU, FOLLOWED BY THAT THING ON YAVIN WITH THE TREASURE HUNTERS...
LOST A PLATOON, A SHUTTLE AND GOT ABANDONED ON A PLANET BY--IF I REMEMBER--"A STRANGELY OVER-TALKATIVE WOMAN"! NO WONDER YOU WERE DEMOTED.
YES, CAPTAIN PUNFOR.
IT'S A LONG WAY FROM YOUR HIGH-FLYING DAYS NOW, ISN'T IT?
REMEMBER AT THE ACADEMY? EVERYONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU WERE MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED. AND NOW YOU'RE MY SUBORDINATE.
HOW COULD I FORGET ALL THAT?
IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE, SIR.
ESPECIALLY FOR THE THIRD TIME.
CHEER UP, TOLVAN! THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN YOUR PROBLEM. YOU COULD NEVER LIGHTEN UP!
IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD! IT'S ONLY THE END OF YOUR CAREER.

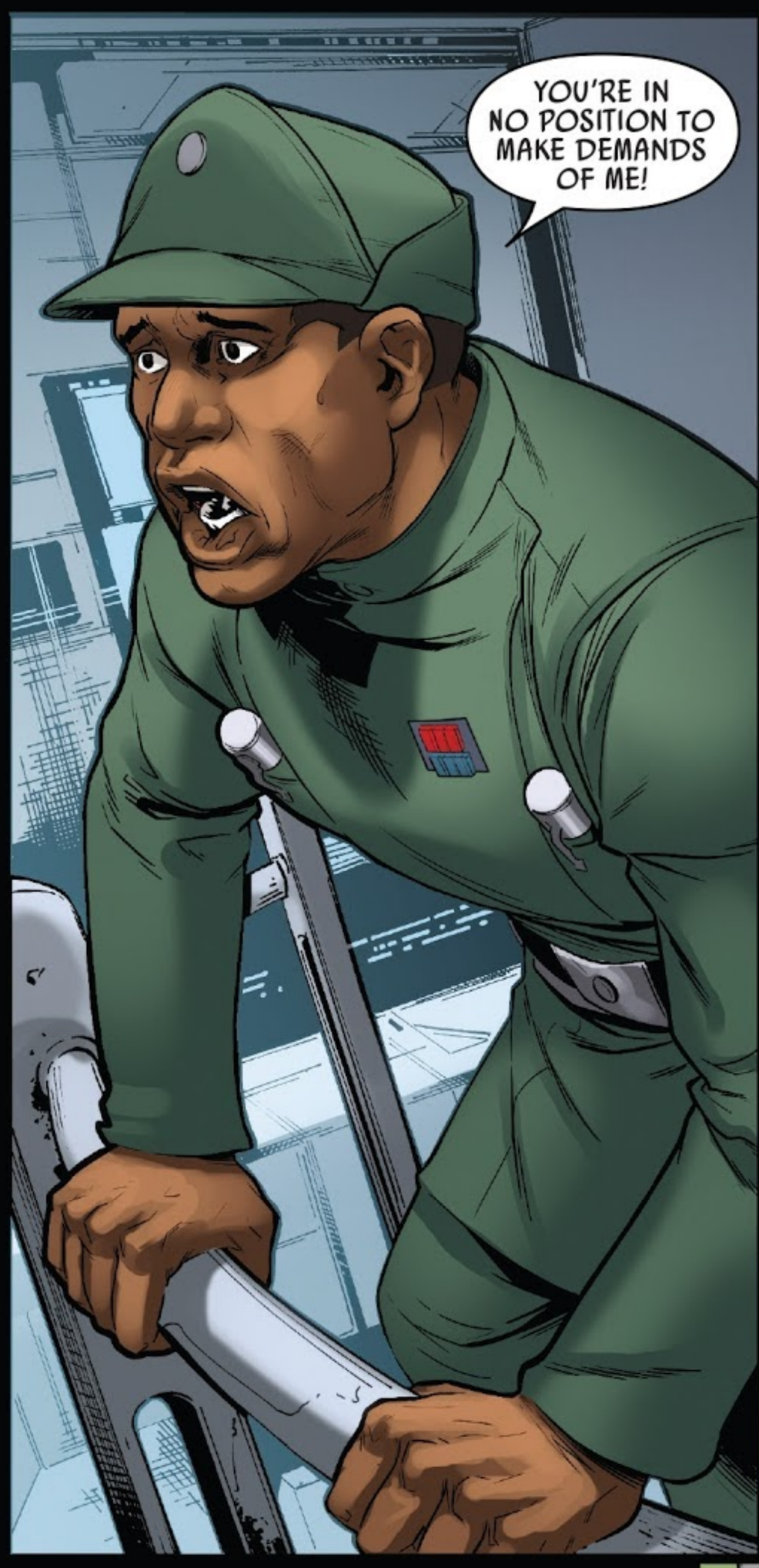

I WISH YOU WERE STILL AROUND, SIR.
YOU'D EXPLAIN THIS MESS TO ME.
HEH. I KNOW WHAT YOU'D SAY...
"ENOUGH WITH THE 'SIR,' TOLVAN. JUST REMEMBER!"
"NOTHING HAPPENS WITHOUT GOOD CAUSE. FROM THE OVER-SEASONED DINNER TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE DEATH STAR, THERE'S ALWAYS A REASON, MY DEAR GIRL..."
"YOU JUST HAVE TO FIND IT."
YOU'RE RIGHT, THANOTH. THERE HAS TO BE A REASON.
BUT I'M BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THE REASON IS ME.
HMM?

PUNFOR! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK.

ADVANCE AND ANNIHILATE, IN THAT ORDER.
LOCK DOWN THE BASE! DON'T DEPLOY THE GARRISON. THE ATTACKERS ARE IN POSITION TO--
--CUT THEM TO PIECES...
VERY WELL.
LET'S--

YOU.
OH.

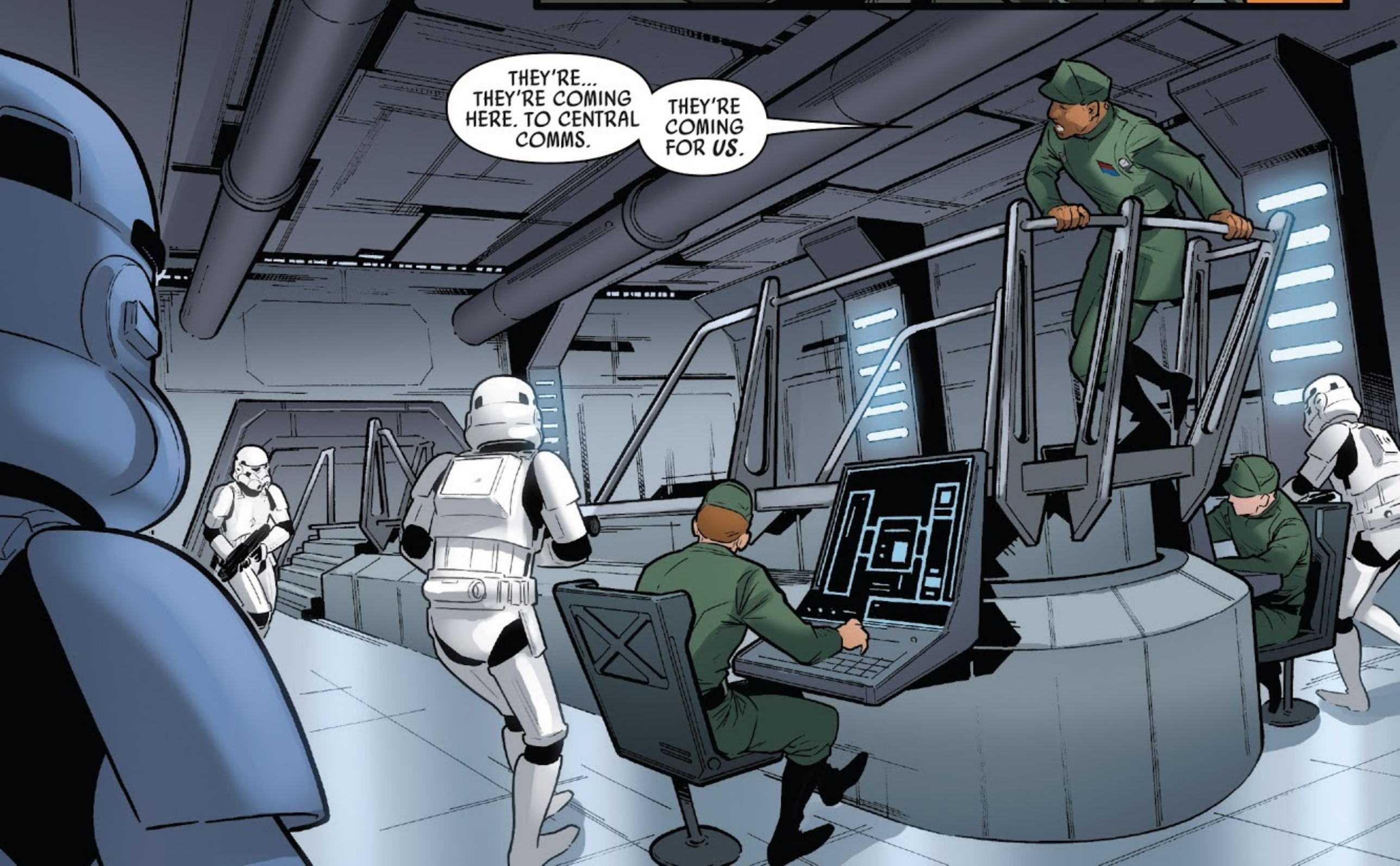
YOU!
REXA! ON THE FLANK!
AFFIRMATIVE.
PUNFOR! SITUATION REPORT! NOW!

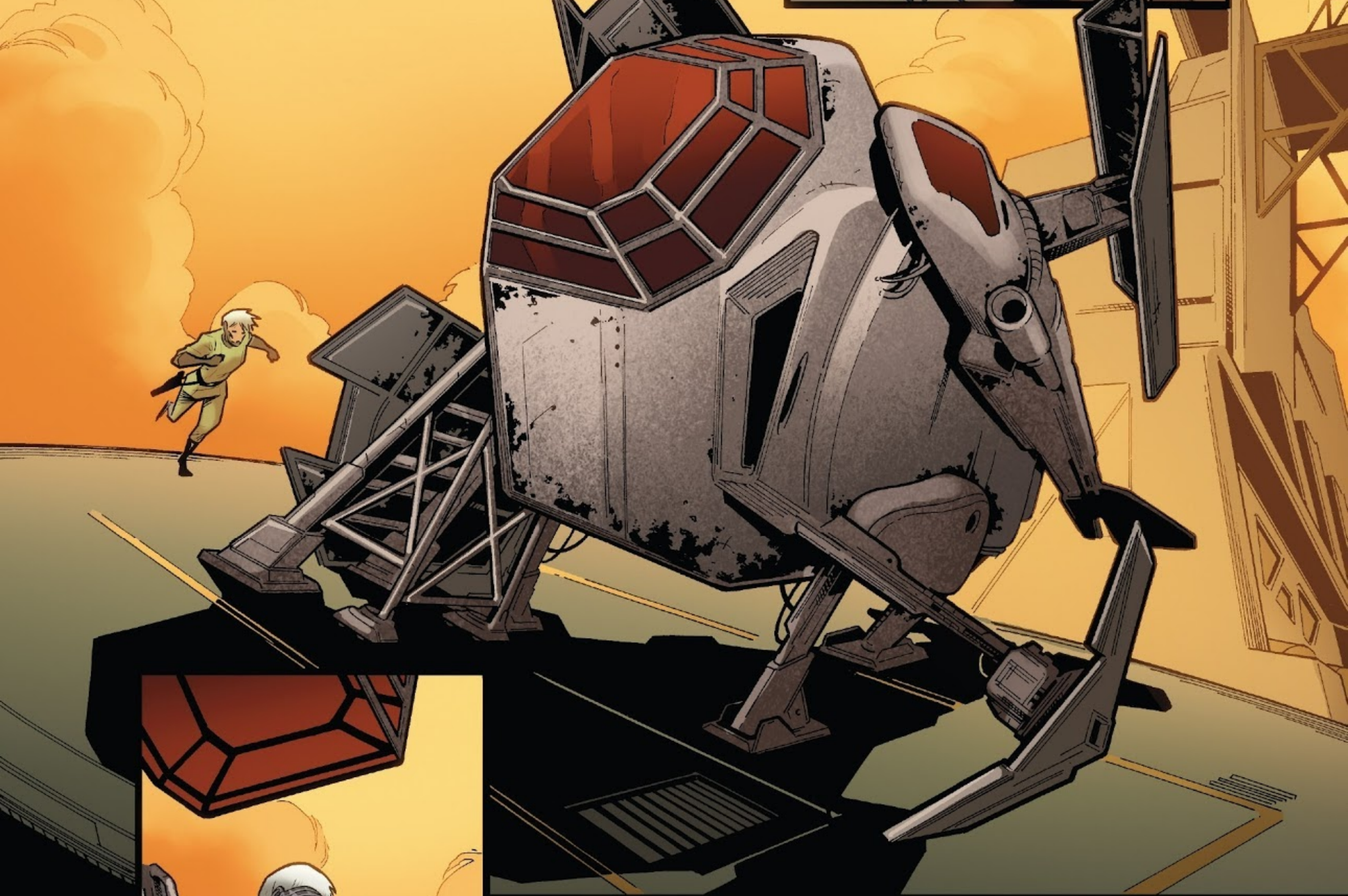

YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO MAKE DEMANDS OF ME!

HMPH.

I'M SORRY, SIR. I LET THE URGENCY OVERCOME MY SENSE OF PROTOCOL.
HOWEVER, THE ABILITY TO IDENTIFY AREAS WHERE A SUBORDINATE HAS GREATER KNOWLEDGE THAN YOU IS A QUALITY ALL GREAT LEADERS POSSESS.

YOU KNOW MY MARKS IN TECHNICAL AND TACTICAL ENGAGEMENT.
I BELIEVE I CAN ASSIST THE RESPONSE TO THIS INCURSION, SIR.


THEY'RE... THEY'RE COMING HERE. TO CENTRAL COMMS.
THEY'RE COMING FOR *US*.



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TAKE A SEAT, SIR. RELAX.

OH--AND DROP THE BLASTER.

AND RELAX. WE'VE GOT TIME.

THE GUYS WILL BE INFILTRATING THE BASE. I LOADED THE ASTROMECH WITH THE SLICING ROUTINES TO PULL THE INFORMATION WE NEED.

I WAS ON GETAWAY DUTY. SORRY TO GET IN YOUR WAY.

NICE TRY, THOUGH. YOU WANTED TO...STRAFE THEM? THAT'S THE WORD FOR BLOWING PEOPLE INTO PIECES IN ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL BABIES, RIGHT?

CORRECT.

HEY, YOU TRIED...AND ON ANY OTHER DAY, IT COULD HAVE WORKED.

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON YOURSELF.

I WILL NOT NEED TO BE TOO HARD ON MYSELF. I HAVE MY SUPERIOR OFFICERS TO DO THAT.

THAT'S WHAT CHAIN OF COMMAND IS FOR. IT WOULD BE PRETENTIOUS FOR ME TO DISCIPLINE MYSELF.

BITTER DRY HUMOR! I'M DOUBLY GLAD I DIDN'T KILL YOU LAST TIME.

YOU'RE FUNNY *AND* CUTE.

DON'T TEASE ME.

I...WASN'T. I REALLY WASN'T!
MY DEFORMATIONS ARE QUITE OBVIOUS.
YOU WERE.
ALL THAT SAYS IS YOU HAVE ONE HELL OF A STORY. IT'S LIKE... MY ELECTRO-TATTOOS. WHO GETS *THOSE* ANYMORE?
NO ONE INTERESTING IS EVER INTERESTED IN PEOPLE WITHOUT STORIES.
I'LL BET YOU'VE GOT ALL KINDS OF STORIES.
LESS THAN I'D HOPED FOR.
NEVER TOO LATE FOR A NEW STORY, SIR.

SO...WHAT'S A HIGH-FLYING OFFICER LIKE YOU DOING IN A LOW-STATUS COMMUNICATION NODE LIKE THIS?

I WAS BUMPED DOWN THE RANKS AFTER YOU RUINED MY LAST COMMAND.

OH. ER... SORRY.
I'M...KINDA ADDICTED TO DIGGING UP OLD STUFF. I DON'T ALWAYS NOTICE THE MESS I LEAVE BEHIND.

THAT'S MY SIGNAL. MY NOT-REALLY-MY-FRIENDS FRIENDS HAVE FINISHED UP.
GUESS WE'VE REACHED THE NASTY "SHOOTING YOU" TIME.

DO WHAT YOU WILL.
YOU WILL BE CAUGHT. THE ABSOLUTE BEST YOU CAN HOPE FOR IS ROTTING AWAY IN THE DARKEST PRISON IN THE ENTIRE EMPIRE.

HEY, LET'S COMPROMISE. I'LL STUN YOU...
...AND AS LONG AS YOU CATCH ME, I'M A-OKAY WITH THE FIRST HALF OF THAT.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ME?
WHY...ALL OF THIS?
I WANTED TO CHAT. I USED TO HAVE PEOPLE TO TALK TO.
MY JOB'S KIND OF LONELY NOW.

AND AS I SAID THE FIRST TIME WE DID THIS, YOU'RE CUTE.
SLEEP WELL, SIR.

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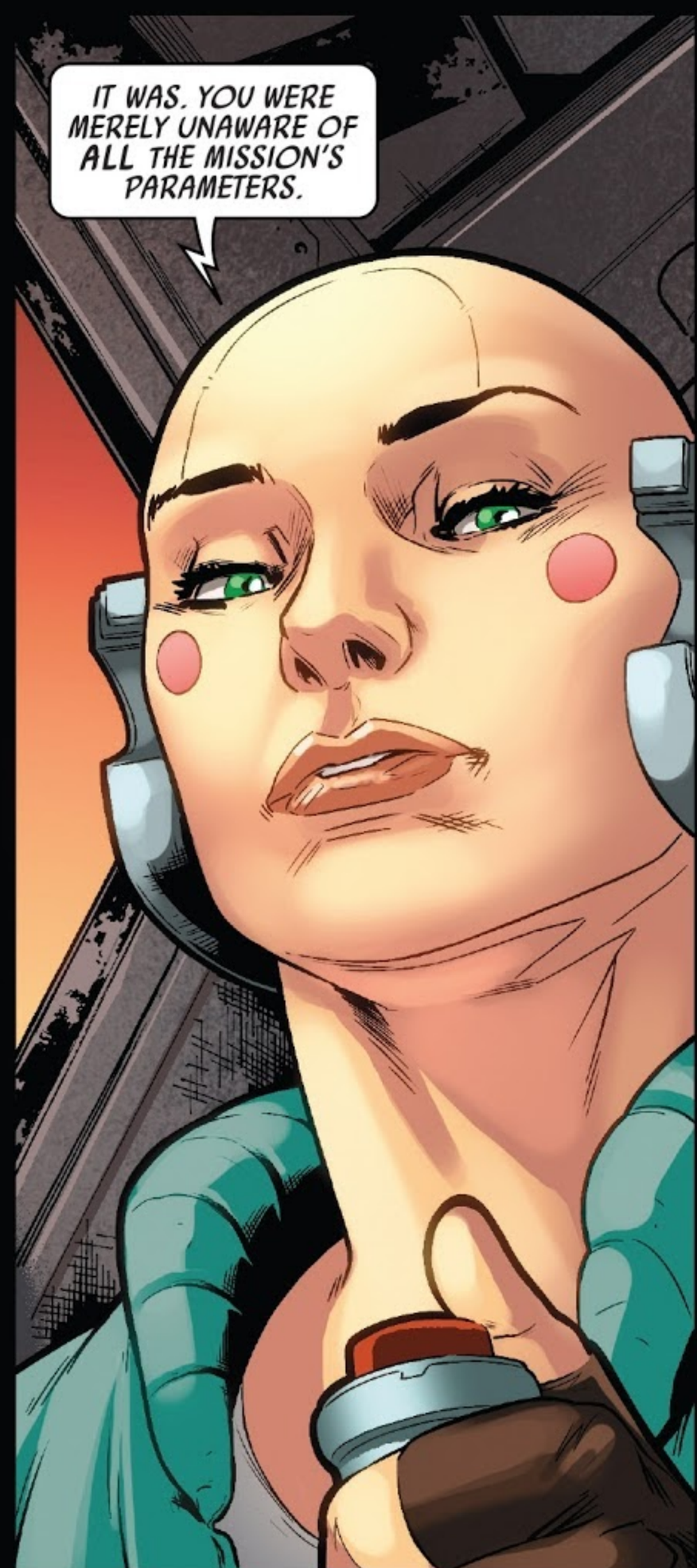
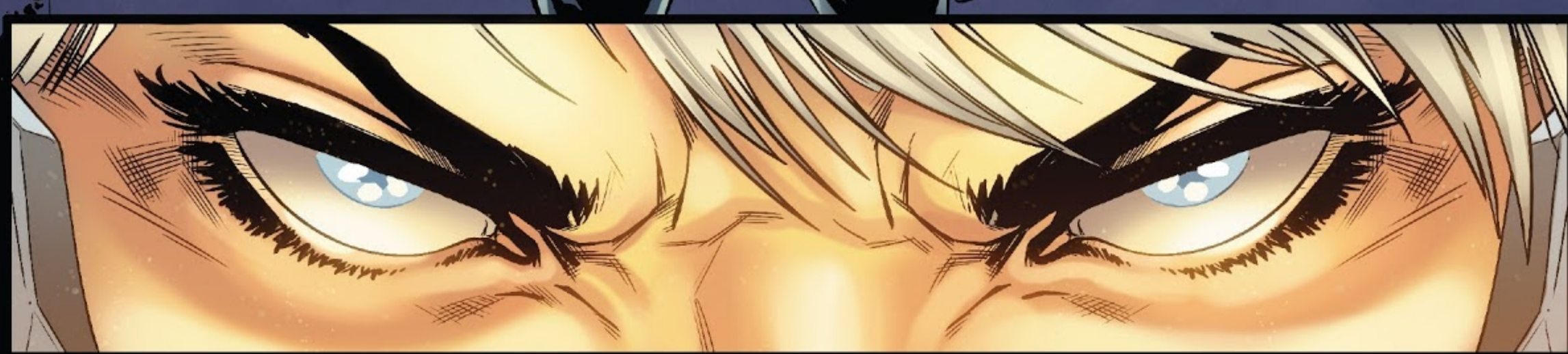
SURPRISE.

THE MISSION WAS TO PULL OUT A BUNCH OF CLONE WAR ERA DATA!
IT WASN'T TO FRY AN ENTIRE SETTLEMENT!


IT WAS. YOU WERE MERELY UNAWARE OF ALL THE MISSION'S PARAMETERS.

IF YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM, YOU KNOW THE PROTOCOL TO FOLLOW.



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YOU SAID IT WAS A MINIMUM-DAMAGE MISSION!
WE FRIED THE ENTIRE PLACE!
TRUE. BUT IF WE'D TOLD YOU HOW IT WAS GOING TO BE, YOU'D HAVE ARGUED SO... AND THAT IS AWFULLY TIRESOME.
WHEN IT COMES TO MURDERING VILLAGES OF INNOCENTS, I FIND IT'S BEST TO ASK FOR FORGIVENESS RATHER THAN PERMISSION.
I WON'T DO IT! THIS IS IT!
I'M BAD, BUT I'M NOT THAT BRAND OF EVIL.
AH, I UNDERSTAND. YOU'VE RECONSIDERED MY KIND OFFER.
YOU'D RATHER THE ALTERNATIVE.
NO. IT'S... OKAY. I WAS JUST ANGRY. I'LL...
IT'S OKAY.
NO, SWEET CHELLI.
SAY IT PROPERLY.

IT'S OKAY, MASTER.

DOCTOR APHRA
NEXT ISSUE:

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away is a lot easier to get to than you think – and we want to hear from you! Write us at StarWars@Marvel.com if you want to make it onto a future letters page. Don't forget to mark the letter "OK TO PRINT."